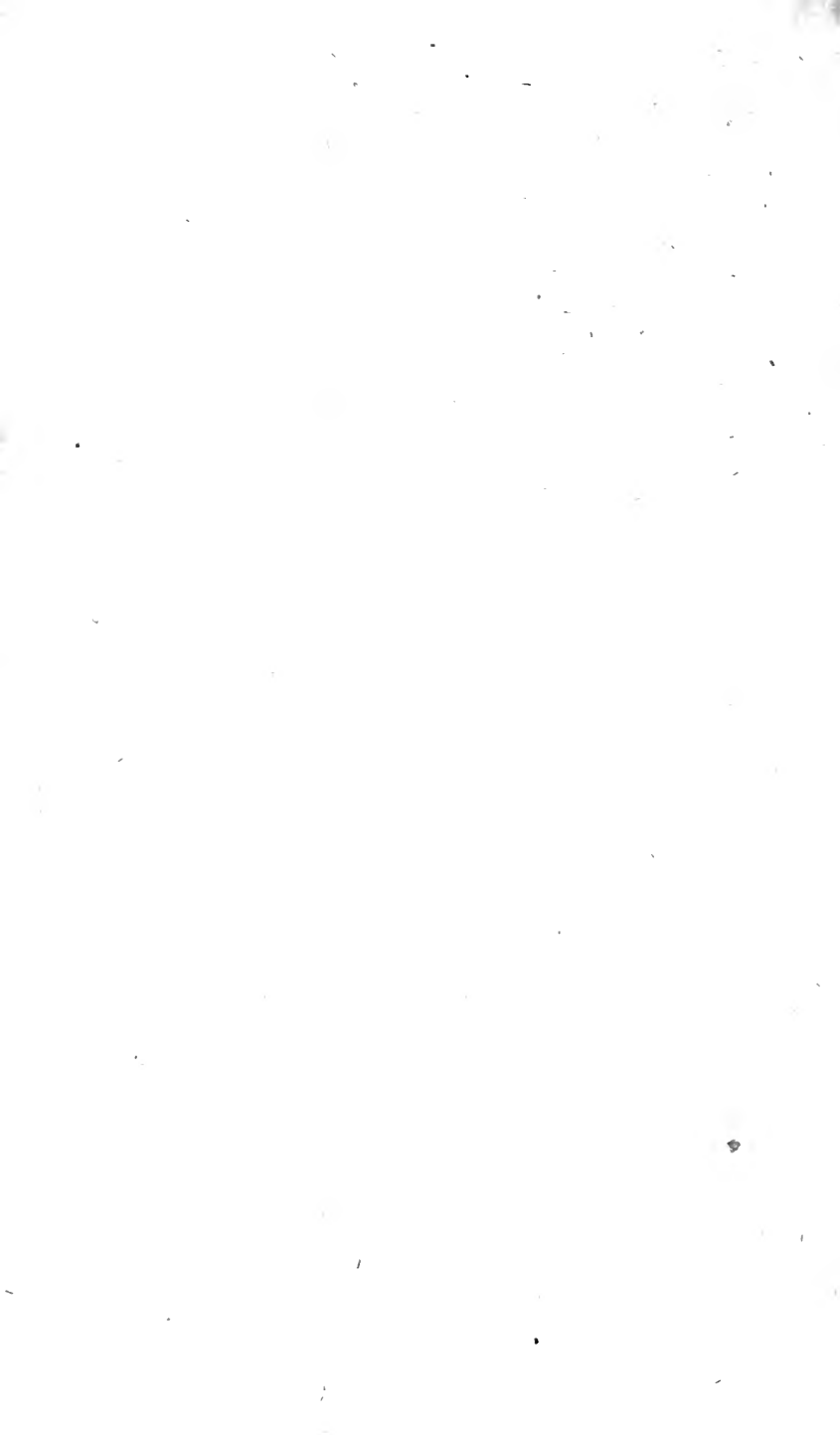


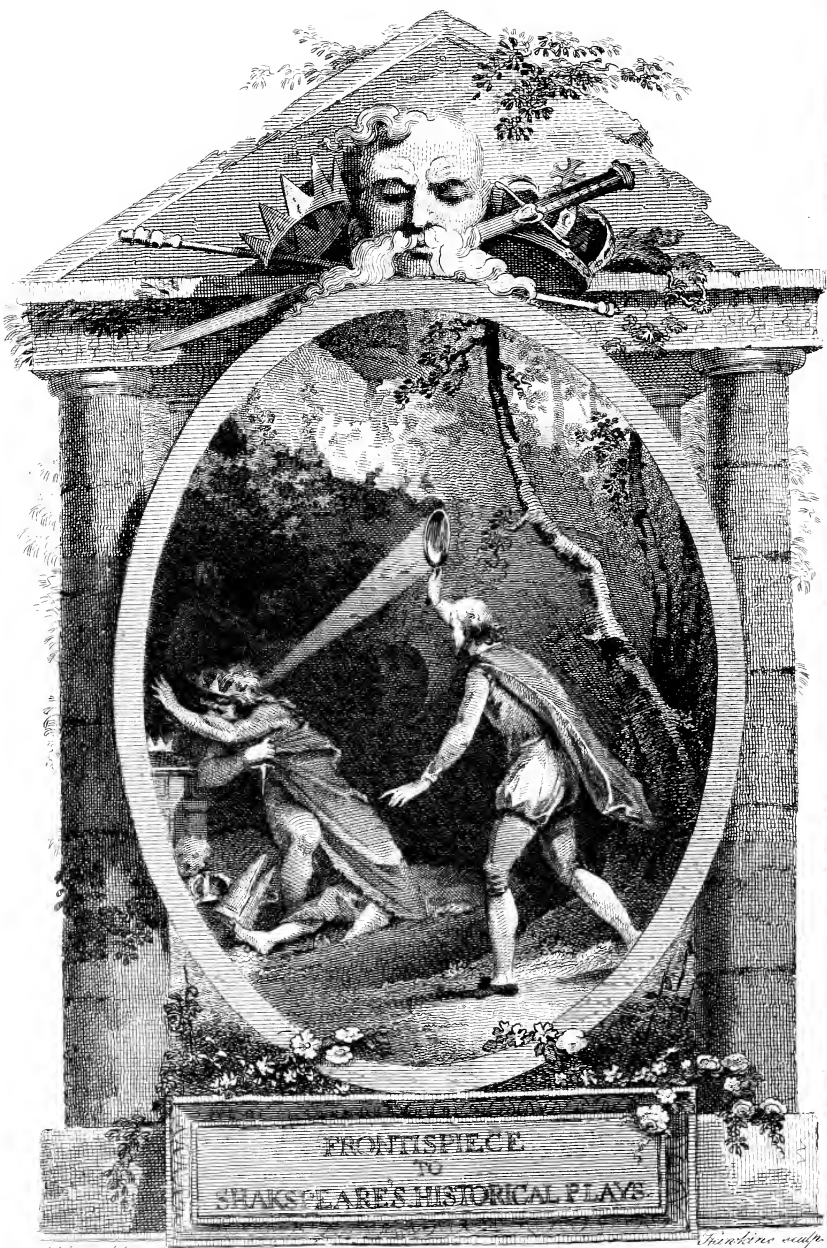


Arthur H. H. H.
L. H. H.









Published at the art-house by Ballamy & Roberts May 1. 1780.



Ryley del.

Goulden scul.

Published as the Art directs by Bellamy & Roberts, May 15, 1790.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES,

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA,
CORIOLANUS,
CYMBELINE,
MACBETH.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. FANCY DECORATING THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.
 2. SHAKSPEARE HOLDING UP THE MIRROR TO DIGNIFIED GUILT.
-

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR BELLAMY AND ROBARTS,
No. 138, FLEET-STREET, AND AT No. 4, PETERBOROUGH-
COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1796.

Shaksp

PR

2752

.B42

1796

v. 5





A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
CANIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
SILIUS, <i>an Officer in Ventidius's Army.</i>		
TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>		
ALEXAS,	}	<i>Servants to Cleopatra.</i>
MARDIAN,		
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,		
<i>A Soothsayer : A Clown.</i>		

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA,	<i>Queen of Egypt.</i>
OCTAVIA,	<i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>
CHARMIAN,	}
IRAS,	
<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>	

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A.

A C T I.

SCENE I. CLEOPATRA's *Palace at Alexandria.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd,

Cleo. I'll set a bourne how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry: Or, who knows,
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this*;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall? Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing.
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd!

No messenger but thine ;—and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the freets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEO, with their Train.

Dem. Is Cesar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Palace.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothfayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
fayer that you prais'd so to the queen ? O ! that I knew
this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with
garlands !

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know things ?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBAREUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

B

Alex.

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! Find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him marry a woman

woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought had struck him.—Enobarbus—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Mef. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mef. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their forces 'gainst Cesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mef. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—*On:*
 'Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mef. Labienus (this is stiff news)
 Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia,
 From Euphrates his conquering banner hook,
 From Syria to Lydia, and to Ionia;
 Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mef. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
 Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
 With such full licence as both truth and malice
 Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,
 When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us
 Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while. [*Exit.*]

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break.

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mef. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mef. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
 Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

'The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
 Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
 My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment; I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Joye.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that, when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but

but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Ero. And the business you have broached here cannot
be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deservert
'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Ero. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you;—if you find him sad,

Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[Exit. ALEX.]

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman ?—You may go ;
'Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd stay,
Then was the time for word : No going then ;—

Eternity

Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
 Bliss in our brows bent ; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven : They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou should'st know
 There was a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while ; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :
 See when and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see
 In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice : By the fire
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
 Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ; —
But let it be, — I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword —

Cleo. And target — Still he mends ;
But this is not the best, look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part — but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd — but there's not it ;
That you know well : Something it is I would —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,

That

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and *Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor : From Alexandria
This is the news ; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly give audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mef. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less : —
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacking the varying tide
To rot itself with motion.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer : Thou did'st drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st : on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)

Was

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it that we twain
Did shew ourselves i'the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean-
time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
'That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar.

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O, Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile ?*
For so he calls me ;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.——
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster : at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistrefs.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O, heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days!
When I was green in judgment; Cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [Exeunt.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *Messina. POMPEY's House.**Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.**Pompey.*

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius ?

Enter

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespassies to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves:
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Rome.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way,

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so;
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you

C

Chiefly

Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in this act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't;
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
The partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,

Did

Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,

return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter; but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present, thought.
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,

If

If I would say, *Agrippa be it so*,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆS., ANT. and LEP.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar worthy Mæcenæ!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands

That

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invifible perfume hits the fenfe
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caft
 Her people out upon her: and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did fit alone,
 Whiffling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony fent to her,
 Invited her to fupper: ſhe reply'd
 It ſhould be better he became her gueſt;
 Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
 For what his eyes ate only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
 Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
 And, having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
 That ſhe did make defect perfection,
 And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
 Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry
 Where moſt ſhe ſatiſfies. For vileſt things
 Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
 Bleſs her when ſhe is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A bleſſed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt
 Whiſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, fir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square : but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

Ant. Now, firrah ! you do wish yourself in Ægypt ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I'the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The same; a Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Tis I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, though it come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle—We'll to the river: there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your driver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kifs; a hand that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,

The

The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou should'st comelike a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mef. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i'the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [Strikes him again.
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mef. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good,
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say Yes.

Mef. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
still?

Mef. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo.

Cleo. O, I would thou didst ;
 So half my Ægypt were submerg'd and made
 A cistern for scald'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married !

Mef. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married !

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you :
 To punish me for what you make me do,
 Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
 That art not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :
 The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
 Are all too dear for me ; lye they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em ! *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
 I faint ; O Iras ! Charmian !—'Tis no matter :—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination ; let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—
[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian ;
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way he is a Mars :—Bid you Alexas
[To MARDIAN.]

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
 But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI. *Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet : at another CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
 And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent :
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And
What made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would
Have one man but a man ? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails ;
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must

Rid all the sea of pirates : then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft ; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now : How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
What you lead, lords ?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent ENO. and MEN.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treat.—

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety :
you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your
hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might
take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here : Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir ?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is ; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Near Mount Misenum.*

On board POMPEY's Galley. Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

I Serv. Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition he cries out *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

A sonnet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o'the Nile By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells The more it promises: as it ebbs the seedman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' Pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain.

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, fir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go hang, fir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises and walks aside.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To MENAS.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke of it! In me 'tis villany;
In thee it had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendants who carry off* LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were
all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase thy reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,

I will make answer: but I had rather fast
From all four days than drink so much in one.

Eno.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT.
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. —

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[Musick plays. ENO. places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us 'till the world go round;
Cup us 'till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[Sound a flourish with Drums.

Eno. Ho, says'a !—There's my cap.

Men. Ho !—noble captain ! Come !

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest ; with SILIUS and other Romans, and the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ventidius..

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes !
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius !
I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. CÆSAR's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are fealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier! and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy aproof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortrefs of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
'That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

Ho

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd;
Believe it 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet OCTAVIA,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!

[*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
OCTAVIA?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome.
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O, Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shews a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—there's nothing in her yet;
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent!

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long or round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mef. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That I so harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him
This creature's no such thing.

Char.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Ifis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. ANTONY'S *House at Athens.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excuseable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me
presently,
When I shall pray, O, *blest my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer by crying out as loud,
O, *blest my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not your's,

Than

Than your's so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste;
So your desires are your's.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal seizes him: so the poor third is up till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hercafter.

Euo. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. CÆSAR's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: and
more;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of it—
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I'the common-shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

His

His part o'the isle; then does he say he lent me
 Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate
 Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
 All his revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
 I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd
 I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
 Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
 Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way
 Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
 Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
 By sea and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My griev'd ear withal; whereon I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king Adallas;
King Malchas of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
'The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;

And

And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noises it against us.

Ota. Is it so, sir?

Caſ. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you
Be ever known to patience: my dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory
of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast foreſpoke my being in theſe wars,
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply.—

If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time;
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundifium
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muletters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; your's heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldier'ship you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But, if we fall,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

E

Ant.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Ægyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[Exeunt. ANT. CLEO. and ENO.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iustus,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throws
forth,
Each minute, some.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The same. A Plain.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, &c. &c.**Cæs.* Taurus—*Taur.* My lord.*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battleTill we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.**Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage, and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other Way. After their going in is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight. Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.**Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer;The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder—
'To see't mine eyes are blasted.*Enter SCARUS.**Scar.* Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!*Eno.* What's thy passion?*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.*Eno.* How appears the fight?*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of Ægypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather our's the elder —
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, with EROS, and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
I am solated in the world, that I

Have

Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone :
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now :—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by,

Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no!

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye!

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam; O, good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir——

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius: and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen !

Iras. Go to him madam, speak to him ;

He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt ? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O, my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful fails ! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon !

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster ;
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine there, and our viands :—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E X. *Cæsar's Camp in Ægypt.**Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master :
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so ; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time : Dispatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, *[To THYREUS.]*
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his slave ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? Why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again : Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him ; from which the world should note
Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail

Under

Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i'the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
 Against a sworder. I see men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside,*
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly :—Yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends : say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
 Whose he is, we are : and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd, Cæsar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
 Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd,

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded
But conquer'd merely.

[*Aside.*

Eno. To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit* ENO.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course,
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBAREUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there :—Ah, you kite !—Now, gods and
devils

Authority melts from me : Of late when I cry'd, ho !
Like boys unto a mufs, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !—

Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of she here (What's her name,)
Since she was Cleopatra ?—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't !) the wise 'gods seal our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O ! is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou orry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him : for he seems
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have bury'd them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle—
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :
I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force
The wine-peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
There's

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear : and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, &c.

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony ! Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight : Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II. *The Palace at Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
 May be, it is the period of your duty :
 Haply you shall not see me more ; or if,
 A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay 'till death :
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, fir,
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
 And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd : for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
 Now the witch take me if I meant it thus !
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense :
 For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *Before the Palace.*

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, fir, good-night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you ; Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every corner of the stage.*

2 *Sold.* Here we : and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i'the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay? Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with CHARMIAN, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come! mine armour! Eros!

Enter EROS with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false! this, this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

F

Eros.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. Officers, &c.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony—But now—Well, on.

Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E V. *Near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS, a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch!—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *CÆSAR's Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit. AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant.
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, &c.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so forely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you fared the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foulest best fits
My latter part of life.

S C E N E

SCENE VII. *Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far ;
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
 Room for fix scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY again in a March. SCARUS, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : Run one before,
 And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
 For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine ; you have shewn all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats ; whilst they, with joyful tears,
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though
 grey
 Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet have
 we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man :
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
 Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;—
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IX. CÆSAR's Camp.

Enter a Centinel and his Company. ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night ! ———

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon !
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony !
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies.]

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, fir, awake ; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, fir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath taught him. ———

[Drums afar off.]

Hark,

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :
 Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is
 Of note : our hour is fully out.

2 Sold. Come on then ;

He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*]

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire ; or in the air ;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is : Our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
 They have put forth the haven,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take it, we shall ; for his best force
 Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
 And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does
 stand,

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
 Straight how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
 Say they know not—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not.

[*Exit.*]

Alarum

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;

This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly ;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun ! thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here : even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am :
O this false soul of Ægypt ! this grave charm—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home :
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros ! Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts ; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[*Exit CLEOPATRA.*

If it be well to live : But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury ; for one death
Might have prevented many—Eros, ho !——
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :

G

Let

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die?
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't—Eros, ho! [Exit.

S C E N E XI. CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Theffaly
 Was never so emboss'd

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more at parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
 And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-
 ment. [Exit.

S C E N E XII. The same.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
 They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
 The rack dissimins; and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body; here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen—
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
 And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
 Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
 The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labour richly; Go,—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier;—Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman, less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That when the exigent should come (which now
 Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come :
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant. Eros,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued ?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: Thus do I escape the sorrow
[EROS kills himself.
[Dies.

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead! not dead!—
The guard!—how!—O, dispatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guards.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly,
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit* DERCETAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
prithce.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! the guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing ANT.*]

SCENE XIII. *A Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; or size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world !—O Antony !
Antony ! Antony !

Help, Charmian, help ; Iras, help ; help, friends
Below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace ;

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony,
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying ; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,
 Dear, dear, my lord, pardon ; I dare not,
 Left I be taken : not the imperious shew
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony—
 Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;—
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my lord !
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
 Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come !—

[*They draw ANTONY up to CLEOPATRA.*]

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
 Quicken with kissing ;—had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight !

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying :
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
 That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
 Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle hear me :—
 None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius,
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
 None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end.
 Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest : and do now not basely die,
 Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to

My

My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
 I can no more— [ANTONY dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Ægypt ! empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
 Patience is fottish : and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, its out:—Good firs, take heart:—
 We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off ANTONY's body.*

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GAL-
LUS, PROCULEIUS, and Train.*

Cæsar.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar ! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?

The

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods ! will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament.
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet : The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt.

Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*

All. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings ; Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will : And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung.
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt ;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but

I do

I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need; Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
Here GALLUS and Guard ascend the Monument, and enter behind.

Guard her 'till Cæsar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

PROCULEIUS rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see

His

His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, fir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, fir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick!

Dol.

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
Its past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir,
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir—

Dol. Though he be honourable—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

All. Make way there—Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS, and Attendants.

Cæf. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEO. kneels.*

Cæf. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise: rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæf. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole fir o'the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæf. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents

(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find

A benefit in this change: but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis your's and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæf. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo.

Cleo. This is my treasure; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be your's;
And, should we shift estates, your's would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave of no more trust
Than love that's bir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady-trifles had reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler taken I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It finites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

H

Cleo.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misfought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it your's,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend : And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so : Adieu. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [Exit.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be unclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy liſtors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [A noise within.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument
[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
 No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
 That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party
 that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is im-
 mortal ; those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
 one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest wo-
 man, but something given to lye ; as a woman should not
 do, but in the way of honesty : how she dy'd of the biting
 of it, what pain she felt—Truly, she makes a very good
 report o'the worm : But he that will believe all that they
 say, shall never be saved by half that they do ; But this is
 most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
 will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in
 the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no good-
 ness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is
 not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
 the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a
 woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.
 But, truly, these same whorson devils do the gods great
 harm

harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So—have you done?
Come, then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Applying the asp.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips! Dost fall?

[*To IRAS.*]

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

[*IRAS dies.*]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her; and spend that kifs,

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate [To the asp.]

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak!

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as

Unpolicy'd!

Char. O, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo.

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What, should I stay,—— [Dies.]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[CHARMIAN applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's be-
guil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call
him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

CHARMIAN dies.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She revell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

I Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

I Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

I Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.

SHAKESPEARE



Act V.

CORIOLANUS.

Scene last.

Page 16



C O R I O L A N U S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

Conspirators with Aufidius.

W O M E N.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

C O R I O L A N U S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

A 2

1 *Cit.*

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was not for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have long breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
 Appear in your impediment : For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er car'd
 for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
 cramm'd with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support
 usurers : repeal daily any wholesome act established against
 the rich ; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to
 chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat not up,
 they will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir ; yet you must not think
 to fob off our disgrace with a tale : but, an't please you,
 deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
 That only like a gulph it did remain
 I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
 Like labour with the rest ; where the other instruments
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you—With a kind of smile,
 Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
 That envy'd his receipt ; even so most fitly

As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer : What !
The kingly-crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then ?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks !—what then ? what then ?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then ?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark me—*

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer : how apply you this ?

Men.

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost;
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. 'He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate. and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oak with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: whose like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere

Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, fir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity :—See, or best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with other Senators ;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

I Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And where I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

I Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

I Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attends us.

Tit. Lead you on :—
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you :
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone !

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volscies have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To know their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gild the gods.

Sic. Be mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults

To

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
with Senators.*

I Sen. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not your's?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone;
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading:*

*Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

I Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,

To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

CAIUS MARCIUS' House in Rome. Enter VOLUMNIA,
and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low Stools, and
sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in
a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I
should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won ho-
nour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he
would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-
body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth
with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day
of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour
from her beholding; I—considering how honour would
become such a person; that it was no better than picture-
like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was
pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find
fame,

fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's talk'd to mow
O'er all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher, a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam—

Vir.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Val. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Val. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; Indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam!

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is — The Volscies have an army forth; against whom C. Minius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but dis-ease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnity out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to your's, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes.

Mef. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

i Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes:
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Alarum far off.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave
Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscie,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.]

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er: that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the Gates.]

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
 Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a foldier
 Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for filver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those the places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

The Roman Camp. Enter COMINIUS retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volscies
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were dead? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague! Tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
 And that you not delay the present ; but,
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
 We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
 You were conducted to a gentle bath,
 And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
 Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
 That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
 That most are willing :—If any such be here
 (As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting
 Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
 Lesser his person than an ill report ;
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself ;
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius. *[Waving his Hand.*
[They all shout, and wave their Swords, take him
up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
 If these shews be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volsces ? None of you, but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all :
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those sentries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

That

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

*Here they fight, and certain Volsces come to the
Aid of AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS fights till
they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

S C E N E IX.

*The Roman Camp. Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is
sounded. Enter at one Door, COMINIUS, with the
Romans; at another Door, MARCIUS, with his Arm
in a Scarf, &c.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a foldier!*—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the
Pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons!
Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overtaken mine act.

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
 The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
 The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,
 We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish.* They all cry, MARCIUS ! MAR-
 CIUS ! cast up their Caps and Lances : COMI-
 NIUS, and LARTIUS, stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall
 P' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all the false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
 A coverture for the wars !—No more, I say ;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or soil'd some debile wretch—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful

To us that give you truly : by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis your's.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
 He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
 But when Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free, as the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

*The Camp of the Volsces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !——

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volscé, be that I am.—Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;
And would't do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way ;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, where it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;
Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove :

I pray you

('Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Enter MENENIUS, with SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask
you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two
have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now : Do you two know how you
are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right
hand file ? Do you ?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, fir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, fir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting too such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lyncurguses), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worths have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, fir, come, we know well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing.
You

You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange wife and a fisset-feller; and then re-journ the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-even to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—

Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night!—
A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for

for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One i'the neck, and one too i'the thigh;—
There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : Hark, the trumpets !

[*A Shout, and Flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ;
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy army doth lie ;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the General, and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an Oaken Garland ; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus : —
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus !

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother——

Cor. O !

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good foldier, up ;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it ? Coriolanus, must I call thee ?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home!
And welcome, general!—And you are welcome all!

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and your's:

[*To his Wife, and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

Brut. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pothor,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours; which
 That he will give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility;
 Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
 A sure destruction.

Bru.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many
stand for consulships?

2 *Off.*

CORIO LANUS.

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way—they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; CORIO LANUS, MENE NIUS, COMINIUS the Consul: SICINIUS and BRUTUS, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
 The present consul, and last general
 In our well-found successes, to report
 A little of that worthy work perform'd
 By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
 We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
 With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
 Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
 Rather our state's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
 We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
 Inclined to honour and advance
 The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be blest to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people, than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
 I would you rather had been silent: Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
 But yet my caution was more pertinent,
 Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
 But bid him not to be their bed-fellow.—
 Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away]

1 Sen. Sir, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
 My words disbench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit COR.]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour if the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers ; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : He stopt the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted

D

With

With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his :
 When by and bye the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

I Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content
 To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
 Let him be call'd for.

I Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'er-leap that custom ; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
 That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men.

Men. Put them not to't :

Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus!—
Shew them the unaching scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He will require
them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not
to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a
power that we have no power to do : for if he shew us his
wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues
into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tells us

his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men.

Men. O fir, you are not right; Have you not known
The worthiest men have don't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, fir——Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, fir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir: 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, fir;
What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy voices
begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For

For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here comes more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds too dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
 honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him
 joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen!—God save thee, noble consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and knowing myself again,
 Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

'Tis warm at his heart.

D 4

Bru.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul says he: *aged custom,*

But by your voices, with will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore; When we granted that,

Here was—*I thank you for your voices.—thank you—*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have nothing farther with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Faith foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate

Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Unforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,

Which

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between), but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought my conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer

The

The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscies stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.

Enter

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on : no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your
offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the supplicants for the people ; call'd them
Time pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better your's.

Cor.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scat-
ter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Mon. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis : Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words :—*We did request it ;—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands :—* Thus we debase
The nature of our feats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears : which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you—
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state,

More

More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick,
 That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
 A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Cor. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

*Re enter BRUTUS, with a Rabble of Citizens, with the
 Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
 Take from you all your power.

Bru.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we are establish'd

The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heapes and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

E

All.

All. Yield Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Befeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

[CORIOLANUS draws his Sword.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [Exeunt.

[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans (as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol).—Be gone.

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and COMINIUS.*]

1 Sen. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*]
Here's goodly work!

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:——

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:——

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic.

Sic. This is a clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Left his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Left parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come—

Men. Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you
there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

I *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

CORIOLANUS's *House.* Enter CORIOLANUS, with *Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats ; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [*To VOL.*] I talk of you ;
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir !

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter

Enter MENENIUS, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough ;

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd :

I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state ; I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble.

But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ?

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because,

That now it lies you on to speak to the people :

Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your hear prompts you to ; but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards, and
syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son these senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),
Thy knee buffing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were your's :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,

Go,

Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place : and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce ? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't :—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do't ;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

Vol. At thy choice then :
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
 But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content ;
 Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit VOLUMNIA.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself
 To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly— [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Forum. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
 Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
 And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
 Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come ?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd.

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*:
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

I Sen.

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a foldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a foldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call.

Call me their traitor ! — Thou injurious tribune !
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

All. To the rock with him ! to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for Rome —

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You !

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you —

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, fleeing : Pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, Good-morrow !

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power ; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it ; In the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To

To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins : then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders : 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels ;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
'That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*

The people shout, and throw up their Caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

All. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight ;

Give

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates ; come :
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Gates of Rome. Enter CORIOLANUS,
VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
with the Young Nobility of Rome.*

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—the best
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage ? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning : you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not ;—adieu :—Farewell, my wife ! my mother ?
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,

'Tis

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you not well,
 My hazards still have been your solace : and
 Believ't not lightly (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while : Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth,
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch : when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can ear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with an ÆDILE.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit ÆDILE.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear;—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[To BRUTUS.]

Vir. [To SICIN.] You shall stay too: I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Yet go ;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had ? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble :
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome ; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :

Leave

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman, and a Volsc.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me : your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you are, against 'em : Know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you ; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there : You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been ? Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd !

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House. Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguis'd; and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Left that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Whose

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
 Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a dissention of a doit, break out
 To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. So with me :——
 My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
 This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
 He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
 I'll do his country service. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House. Music plays. Enter a
 Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
 Cotus ! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
 Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are
 you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
 In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his eyes
F 3 in

in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave: I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so am I.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits.

[*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away.*]

Enter

Enter AUFIDIUS, with the Second Serving-Man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volsces' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn ; to use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool ;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn runs of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd ; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Peddride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep,

Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness——thine own
 ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most wel-
 come!

[*Exeunt.*]

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes
 made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with
 his finger and thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought—I
 cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were—'Would I
 were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than
 I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest
 man i' the world.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* I Think he is: but a greater foldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who! my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth fix of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

3 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will

will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

1 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscies.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A public place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before

Were

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Diffentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he! O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temperiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours! We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving——

Sic.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports—The Volscs with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volscs dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing

Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. But'st only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them. —

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men. What's the news; what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing

Made

Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Eru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out of the city.

Com.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer :—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters !—
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip ; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us : That we did, we did for the best ; and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry !—Shall us to the Capitol ?

Com. O, ay ; what else ? *[Exit COM. and MEN.]*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd ;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
'This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us ! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we ba-
nish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol :—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

S C E N E VII.

*A Camp ; at a small Distance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS,
with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now ;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him : Yet his nature
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him : but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volsian state ;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators, and patricians, love him too :

The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not
 Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war : but, one of these
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd : But he has merit,
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time :
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strength do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A public Place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
 SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way unto his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd

To

To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work !
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected : He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :

Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The Volscian Camp. Enter MENENIUS to the Watch, or
Guard.*

Watch. Stay: Whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 Watch. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return: our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is, Menenius.

1 Watch. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS, with AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guests, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee, —The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and to conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods alluage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives him a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.

Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 Watch. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general:
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you
are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears
it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase
with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!
[Exit.

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our general; He is the
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Tent. Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
 You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against
 The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
 A private whisper, no, not with such friends
 That thought them sure of you.

Cor. The last old man,
 Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
 Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;
 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him : for whose old love, I have
 (Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more ; a very little
 I have yielded too : Fresh embassies, and suits,
 Not from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, and young
 MARCIUS, with Attendants, all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !
 Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
 What is that curt'sy worth ? or those dove's eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
 As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod : and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volscies
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*—O, a kiss,
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ! [*Kneels.*
 Of thy deep duty more impressi^on shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !
 While with no softer cushions than the flint,
 I kneel before thee : and improperly
 Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*
 Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ?
 Your knees to me ! to your corrected son !
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the stars : then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?
 [*Pointing to VALERIA.*

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,
 [*Shewing young MARCIUS.*
 Which by the interpretation of full time
 May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
 With the content of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee !

Vol.

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace ;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by your denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou

Must,

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

That

That should but rive an oak : why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy,
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if he be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end ;
 This is the last :—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volscie unto his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !—

[*Holds her by the Hands, silent.*]

What have you done ? Behold the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at, O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son—believe it, O believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were

Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. *[Aside.*

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by ;
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol ; yon corner-
stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rōme, es-
pecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say,
there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay
upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the con-
dition of a man ?

Men. There is a difference between a grub, and a but-
terfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is
grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than
a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his
mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness
of

of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd, The Volsces are dislodg'd and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.* The trumpets, facbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A Shout within.*

Men. This is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Sound still, with the Shouts.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the
 Stage, &c. &c.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :
 Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*A publick Place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
 with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words : Dispatch.—Most welcome !

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.*

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness.
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops or women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour

Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he exprefs himself, or move the people
With what he should say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin : and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding : This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and

H

With

With bloody passage led your wars, even to
 The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought home,
 Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,
 With no less honour to the Antiates,
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
 He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
 Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
 (I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
 Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
 (Who wears my stripes imprest upon him; that
 Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
 To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces, men and lads,
 Stain all-your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
 Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli:
 Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Crowd speak promiscuously.*]

He kill'd my son—My daughter—He kill'd my cousin
 Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace.—
 The man is noble, and his fame folds in
 This orb o' the earth: His last offences to us
 Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
 And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
 With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
 To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill MAR-
 CIUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whercat
 Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
 Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
 Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
 Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
 That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
 To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
 Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your

Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:—
Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.—
Aſſiſt.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of MARCIUS. A dead
March ſounded.*]

THE END.



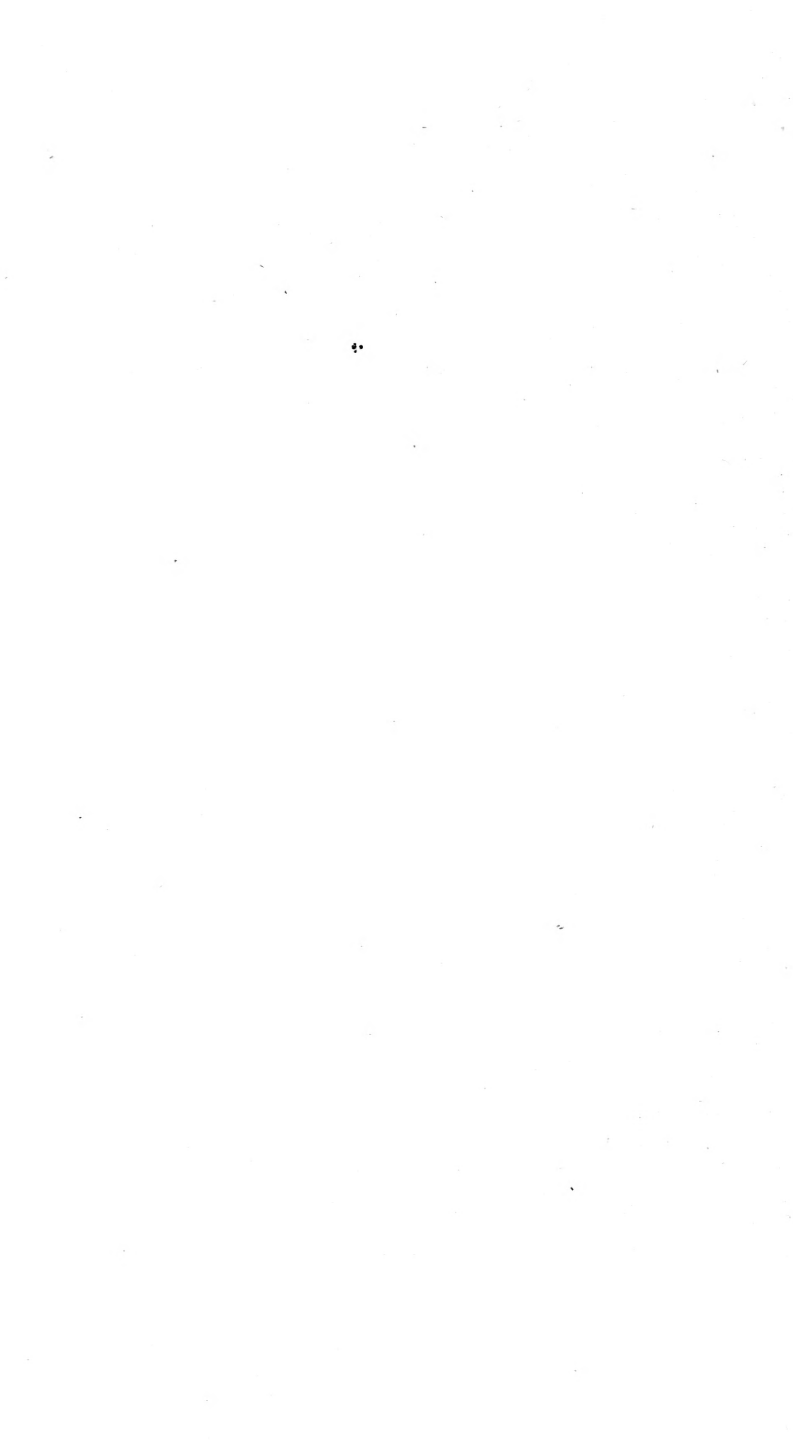
—Singer and Co.



Verdant del.

Walker sculp.

Printed and Sold by J. DODD, in the Strand, near the Theatre, London. May 1st 1788.



C Y M B E L I N E.

A

P L A Y.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman married to the Princess.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the Names of Polydore and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

W O M E N.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace in Britain. Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded:
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they fowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her
(I mean, that marry'd her—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, Sir, within himself;

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him *Posthumus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and, to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll retch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing;
(Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than both become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one *Philario's*;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
 To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
 When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
 While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To you so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm*
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!—
 When shall we see again?

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my fight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!

Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest

A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:

You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

A man worth any woman; over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my *Leonatus*

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!
[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, Sir, what news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
part——

To draw upon an exile!—O brave Sir!——
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half-hour hence, pray you, speak with me:

You shall, at least, go see my lord abroad:
For this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it——Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the back side the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans; Puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: Would there had been some hurt done!

B

2 Lord.

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an
 ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside*.

Clot. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN'S Apartments. *Enter* IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
 And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
 And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
 As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
 That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
 And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
 As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
 them, but
 To look upon him; 'till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pisanio*,
 When shall we hear from him?

Pis.

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter
PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, Sir: I have seen him in Britain; he
was then of a crescent note: expected to prove so worthy,
as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could
then have look'd on him without the help of admiration;
though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled
by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd,
than now he is, with that which makes him both with-
out and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many
there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter
B 2 (wherein

(wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life!—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each

each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: So do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—Only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: If she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. and IACH.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE's Palace. *Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor.

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,
madam:

But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make pertumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, *Pisano*?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way. [*Aside.*]

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word,—— [*Aside.*]

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think, she
has [*To PISANIO.*]

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has

Will stupify and dull the sense a while ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs ;
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think
in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another ;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans ?
Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a phial : PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
What is more cordial ;—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee ; I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[*Exit PISANIO.*

C

Think

Think on my words.—A fly and constant knave;
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, *Pisanio*;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do;
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN's Apartment. Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banished;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a Letter,*

Imo. Thanks, good Sir;
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

IF

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
 Rather, directly fly.

[*Aside.*]IMOGEN *reads.*

—*He is one of the noblest natures, to whose kindnesses I am
 most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
 value your trust.*

LEONATUS,

So far I read aloud:
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
 You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
 Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes

[*Aside.*]

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
 For idiots, in this case of favour, would
 Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
 Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will

{That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
 That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
 The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Befeech you, Sir,
[To PISANIO.

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:

He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him! whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you—which I account his, beyond all talents—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ? What
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff.

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : For certainties
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the greatest king double ! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
 As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despatch, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure :
 More noble than that runagate to your bed,
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio* !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike :—What ho, *Pisanio* !—
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, *Pisanio* !

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* ! I may say ;
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !

A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
 The truest-manner'd ; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him :
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a Sir so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir : Take my power i' the court for
 your's.

Iach. My humble thanks, I had almost forgot,
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
 (The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
 To buy a present for the emperor ;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
 Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great :
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
 To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly :

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men : I will make bold

To send them to you only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall shorn my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-stood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt,*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords,

Cloten,

WAS there ever man had such luck ! when I kiss'd
the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I had an hun-
dred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must
take me up for swearing ; as if I borrow'd my oaths of
him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [*Aside,*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord ; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside,*

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?
'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth—
A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother:
every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and must
go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow,
cock, with your comb on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake
every companion that you give offence to,

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit
offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to
court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought,
one of *Leonatus'* friends.

Cor. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another,
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no
derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues
being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost
to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN, and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain: and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,

More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN
 reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
 weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed;
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech you!

[Sleeps.

[IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea*,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kifs; one kifs!—*Rubies* unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perturbs the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
 Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under these windows: White and azure; lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

Such

Such, and such pictures:—There the window:—Such
 The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures?
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify), to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep; thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying?—Come off, come off;—
[Taking off her bracelet,
 As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and taken
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear:
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[Clock strikes.

One, two, three:—Time, time!

Goes into the Trunk: the Scene closes.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship: You are most hot, and furious,
 when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good-morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to the king:
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Cot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Gaius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt.*]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for

I yet

I yet understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ?—The princefs——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir : you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in seli-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath

Hath left my arm; it was thy master's; shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning; confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search, [Exit PISANIO.

Clot. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, Sir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter
 POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

Post. Fear it not, Sir: I would, I were to sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time:
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
 O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
 Hath heard of great *Augustus: Caius Lucius*
 Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post.

Post. I do believe
 (Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See! *Iachimo!*

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britain court
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness, which
 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

E

Iach.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is your's ; If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), it was hung
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true.
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post.

Iach. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of,

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again; It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing :
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet one :
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:—
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;

And

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't i' the court, before

Her father :—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*Another Room in PHILARIO's House. Enter POST-
HUMUS.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance ; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow ;—O, all the devils !—
This yellow *Iachimo*, in an hour—was't not ?—
Or less—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be't lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, her's ; deceiving, her's ;

Lust

Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's ; revenges, her's ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, her's, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
 For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit,

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter, in State, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door ; and, at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume
 We have again.—Remember, Sir, my liege,

The

The kings your ancestors ; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'against our rocks : For joy whereof.
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I
 said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may
 have crook'd noses ; but, to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
 as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one : but I have a
 hand—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If
 Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
 the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
 light ; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious Roman did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world), against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be ; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
 laws,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*.

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us after-
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is your's; if you fall
in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;
and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse?—*Leonatus!*
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As

As would take in some virtue, O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes:—How! that I should murder her!
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading]

*That I have sent her, by her own command,
 Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!*

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
 (Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave! Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
 dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest
 of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take
 notice,*

notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st— O, let me 'bate—but not like me;—yet long'st— But in a fainter kind;—O, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense), how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going 'Till our return, to excuse:—but, first, how get hence: Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently, A riding suit; no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee; Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest, in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain's sport Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding

With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must curtsy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft)
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:

Where

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunter's language: He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison which attends
 In place of greater state, I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt GUID. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine; and, though train'd up thus
 meanly,

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story; say—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture,
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my land. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication; put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
'That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMOGEN reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed;
the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of
weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as
certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of
her's. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the
purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me cer-
tain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyal.*

Pis.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No; 'tis slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it, to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
 From most true wretchedness: So thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there: who was, indeed,

The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pif. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;—
Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness ; and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edged by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pif. O gracious lady !
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to-bed then.

Pif. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ; whereunto I never

Purpose

Purpose to return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have considered of a course: Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as a weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloakbag), doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music), doubtless,

With

With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
'The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be confider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it
With a prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Palace of CYMBELINE.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct, over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :——
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have cross't the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exit LUCIUS, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty ;
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Serv.

Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false? [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[Exit Queen.

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best, she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining

Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what else rare, is cnoak'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word——No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Hum!

Pis.

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Aside*

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villany so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With what suit upon my back, will I ravish her! First kill him, and in her eyes, there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis.

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! come, and be true, [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross with slowness, labour be his meed!

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove; I think Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:

I

I were

I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho!—who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely favoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There's cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking in*]
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
 troth,
 I have stolen nought, nor would not, though I had found
 H Gold

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat;
 I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt;
 As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have dy'd had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
 'To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty
 I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. [*Aside.*] 'Mongst friends!
 If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! gods!

Bel. Hark, boys!

[*Whispering.*
Imo.

Imo. Great men

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false —

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, fir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome. Enter two Roman Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.*The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.**Cloten.*

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saying reverence of the word), for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despatch. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off: thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and, all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.*The Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To IMOGEN.]
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran ; contempt and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir him :
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time ; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill
I am bound to you.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.——
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Guid. But his neat cookery !
He cuts our roots in characters ;
And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh ; as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple to commix
With winds that sailors rail at,

Guid. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him, both
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come ; away.—Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

I saw

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

Guid. He is but one :—you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clot. Soft ! What are you
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain,

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth,

Clot.

Clot. Ar't not afeard?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wife:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer! [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:

I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—But see, thy brother!

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN's Head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge and executioner all himself?
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in: yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much

I

Thou

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'ft
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
'That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn Music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest
mother

It

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys ;
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her
in his Arms.*

Bel. Look,—here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in ?—Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy !—
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
 The azur'd hare-bel, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee have done;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother,

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
 As once our mother; use like note and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
 For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see medicine the less: for Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
 And though he 'came our enemy, remember,
 He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty rotting
 Together have one dust; yet reverence
 (That angel of the world) doth make distinction
 Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
 Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.

Guid.

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;*

And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The

The ground that gave them first has them again :
 Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

IMOGEN, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, fir, to Milford-Haven ; Which is the way ?—
 I thank you.—By yon bush ? — Pray how far thither ?
 'Ods pittikins ? — can it be six miles yet ? —
 I have gone all night : — 'Faith I'll lie down and sleep.
 But soft ! no bedfellow : — O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man the care on't. — I hope I dream ;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear : but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
 The dream's here still : even when I wake it is
 Without me as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man ! — The garments of Posthumus !
 I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
 His foot mercurial ; his martial thigh ;
 The brawns of Hercules : but his jovial face —
 Murder in heaven ? — How ? — 'Tis gone. — Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou
 Conspir'd with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. — To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous ! — Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters — damn'd Pisanio —
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top ! — O, Posthumus ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. — How should this be ? Pisanio ?
 'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And

And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord ! my lord !

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service ; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Takes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence) : Thus :—
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spungy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination)
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather :
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
 Inform

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
 They crave to be demanded: Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master;
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain: Alas!
 There are no more such masters: I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
 Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside]
 They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name.

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
 And rather father thee, than master thee:
 My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
 Find out the prettiest daisy'd plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

CYMBELINE's Palace. *Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and*
 PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
 A fever, with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me : her son gone,
 So needful for this present :—it strikes me past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's,
 I humbly set it at your will : But for my mistress
 I know nothing where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten—
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;

K

We'll

We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[To PISANIO]

Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn;
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready.

The want is but to put these powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.*

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans

Must

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going ; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye, hopele's
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
I'll thither : What thing is it that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens I'll go:
If you will blest me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bcl. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit

To

To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
 And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee; O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is every breath a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army, at one Door;
 and the British Army at another; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS
 following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish IACHIMO and POST-
 HUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and
 then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carle,
 A very drudge of Nature, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made thee stand?

Post. I did.

Though you, it seems, come from the flyers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier—
 An honest one; I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd; or shame),
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that,
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness (which would have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
 A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need), having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
 O'erborne i' the former wave: ten chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,

And

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

[*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 To be in the field, and ask what news of me!
 To-day how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives in the war.—Well, I will find him
 For being now a favourer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veniest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Romans; great the answer be
 Britons must take: for me my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken;
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

1.

A leg

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
 As if he were of note:—bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
 PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present
 POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a
 Gaoler: after which all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
 upon you;

So graze as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. *[Exeunt Gaolers.]*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement; that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

L

Though

Though light, take pieces for the figure's fake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*]

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then, (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded hi
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

i Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel ;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?

Moth

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's feat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needle's jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-Bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadow of Elysium, hence ; and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;

No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

'Tis this tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;

And so, away : no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount eagle to my palace chryselline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle

Stoop'd as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers : But (O scorn !)

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;

Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !

Be not as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers ; let thy effects

So

So follow to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, fir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, fir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, fir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with

his officer : for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness ! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Post. and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowfes ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart

That

That the poor soldiers that so richly fought,
 Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
 Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
 Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
 But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
 But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief I am
 The heir of his reward; which I will add
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain, of Britain,
 [To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.
 By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
 Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
 Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
 Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
 And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
 To four your happiness, I must report
 The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
 Would this report become? But I consider
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd

I will

I will report, so please you : these her women
Can trip me if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your palace ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !

Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral ! which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, 'tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes : repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners ;
POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was your's by accident ; had it gone with us
We should not, when the blood cool'd, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come ; sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His favour is familiar to me : — Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore I say,
Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
'The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,

M

Must

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN walk aside.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: wer't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [CYM. and IMO. come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[To IACHIMO.

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On; speak to him.

Imo.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it your's?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength;
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover), took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
 He was as calm as virtue), he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
 He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: Whereat I, wretch!
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By her's and mine adultery: he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain to operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
 Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.]
 Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To

To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer ! Thou king, send out
 For tortures ingenious : it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like I lie ;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.
 Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and
 Be villany less than 'twas !—O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. *[Striking her, she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
 Mine and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus !
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now :—Help, help !
 Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on thee ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
 Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd

As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very often importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.—

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock! and now
Throw me again.

Pos. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [To GUID. and ARVI.]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten
Upon my lady's missing came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident
I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforc'd from me, away he pos'ts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour : what became of him
 I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story :

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea
 If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king :

This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath
 More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [*To the guard.*]
 They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
 As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove that two of us are as good
 As I have given out him.—My sons, I must

For

For my own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And all our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age : indeed a banish'd man :
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons !

Bel. I am too blunt and faucy : Here's my knee :
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons ;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you some time banish'd :
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Unto

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious fir,
Here are your fons again ; and I muft lofe
Two of the sweeteft companions in the world :—
The benediction of thefe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ftars.

Cym. Thou weep'ft and fpeak'ft.
The fervice that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ft : I loft my children ;
If thefe be they, I know not how to wifh
A pair of worthier fons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Moft worthy prince, as your's, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely fon ; he, fir, was lapp'd
In a moft curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eafe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a fanguine ftar ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him ftill that natural ftamp :
It was wife Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ! Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bleft may you be,
That, after this ftange ftarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now ! O Imogen,
Thou haft loft by this a kingdom.

Ime. No, my Lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never fay hereafter
But I am trueft fpeaker : you call'd me brother
When I was but your fifter ; I you brothers
When you were fo indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?—

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at firft meeting lov'd ;
Continued fo until we thought he died.

N

Cor.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where ? how liv'd you ?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers ; me, her master ; hitting
Each object with a joy : the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices——
Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To BELARIUS.*

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought
Would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but your ring first ;

And

And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſſ
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you is to ſpare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeneſſ of a ſon-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, fir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, princeſſ.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your ſoothfayer : As I ſlept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd I found
This label on my boſom ; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſ, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothfayer reads.

*When as a lion's whelp ſhall to himſelf unknown without
ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and
when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches which, being
dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock,
and freſhly grow ; then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Bri-
tain be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp :
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being Leonatus, doth import ſo much.
The piece of tender air thy virtuous daughter,

[*To CYMBELINE.*

Which we call *mollis aër* ; and *mollis aër*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant wife ; [*To Poſt.*] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her and her's)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A S O N G

A S O N G,

*Sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS over FIDELE,
supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

II.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

III.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

IV.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

V.

*When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

VI.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till Life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.*

T H E E N D.









Should del.

Walker sculp

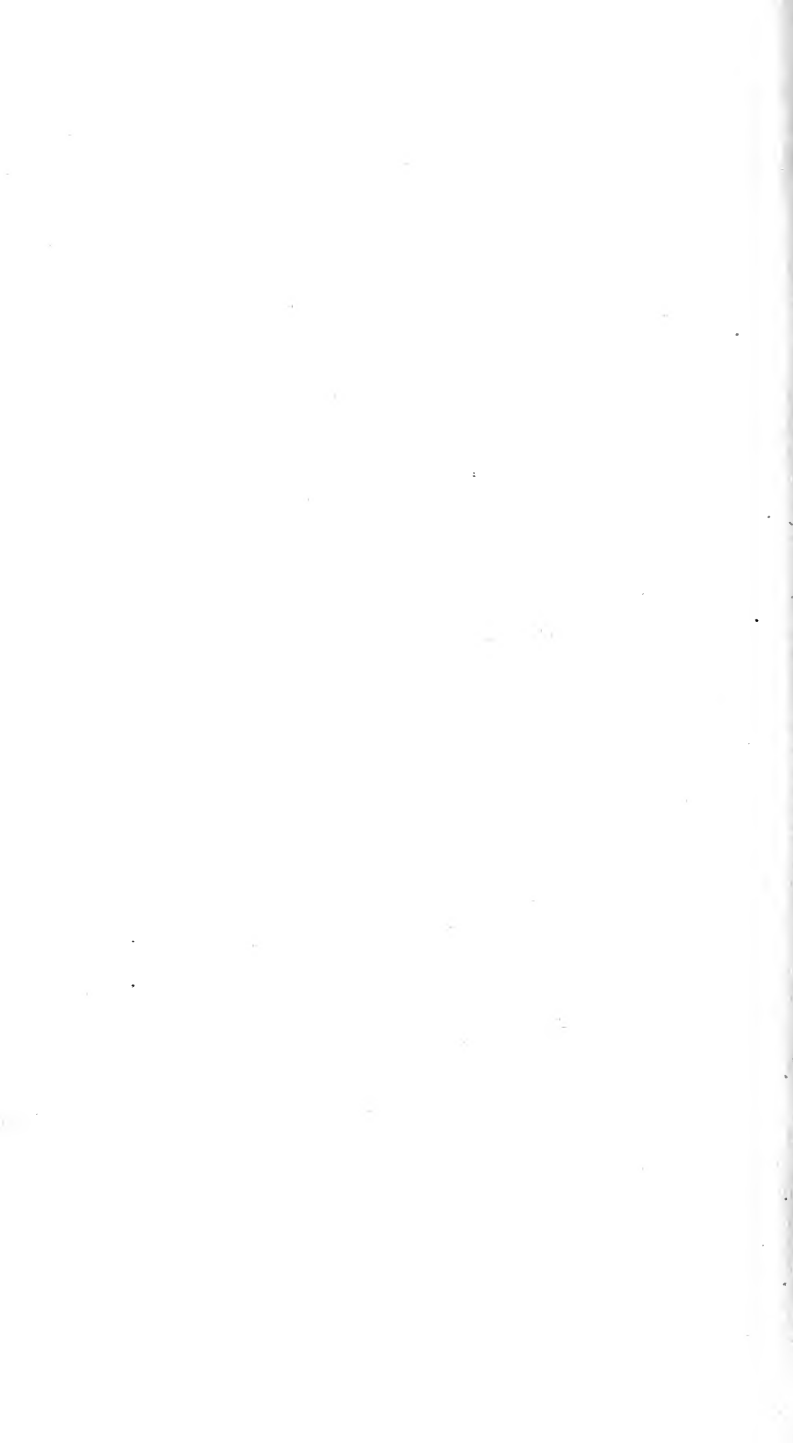
Printed by J. H. Smith, 12, North Street, London, W.C.



the artist.

Illustrated and engraved by George Cooke for the

Wells.



M A C B E T H.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *Sons of the King.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

LENOX, }
MACDUFF, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff. An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

W O M E N.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the
rest of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere th' set of sun,

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the ferjeant,
Who like a good and hearty soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!

Say

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glass is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave:
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
'Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking forms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels:
But the Norwegian lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:

But

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both!—Go, get him surgeons.

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So should
he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sveno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.**1 Witch.* Where hast thou been sister?*2 Witch.* Killing Swine.*3 Witch.* Sister, where thou?*1 Witch.* A sailer's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And moucht, and moucht, and moucht:—*Give me*
quoth I.*Aroint thee, Witch!* the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither fail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.*2 Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.*1 Witch.* Thou art kind.*3 Witch.* And I another.*1 Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid,
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.*2 Witch.* Shew me, shew me.*1 Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]*3 Witch.* A drum, a drum,
Macbeth doth come.*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine:
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores?—What are these
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Mac. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of Cawdor.

3 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
 Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So, all hail, *Macbeth*, and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.*

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. Stay you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinel's* death. I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives;
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you:
[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted,
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king,

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his fight.
Not pay thee.

Rosse.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway ; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mac. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind — Thanks for your pains. —
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. — Cousins, a word I pray you.

Mac. Two Truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes fo my fingle ftate of man, that function
Is fmother'd in furmife; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,

Without my ftir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ftange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of ufe.

Mac. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheft day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ftay upon your leifure.

Mac. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king —

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us fpeak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Thofe in comiffion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have fpoke

With one that faw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confes'd his treafons;

Implor'd your highnefs' pardon; and fet forth

A deep

A deep repentance : nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it ; he dy'd
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face :
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are to your throne, and state, children, and servants;
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
 Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.—Noble *Banquo*,
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, *Malcolm*; whom we name hereafter,
 The prince of Cumberland: which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Mac. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH's Wife alone, with a Letter.

Lady.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title before, these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis

Glamis! thou art and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art, promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
 And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[Exit Mes.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night;
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell;
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present time, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear;
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate

Enter Lady MACBETH.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess! —
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house ; for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : fair and noble hostess,

We

We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt;
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand :

Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants, with Dishes and Service over the Stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off :

And

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now? what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supped; why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest goss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself; hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Mac. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

C

They;

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, — had I but so sworn
As you have done, to this.

Mac. If we should fail, —

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be as drunk, and the receipt of reason
A list of numbers when in twining sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The guard of *Duncan*? What not put upon
His spangly officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac. Bring with you children only!
For they unhallow'd knells should compose
Nothing but mates. Shall it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of our own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who else receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Mac. Hark! settled, and band up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a Torch before him.

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Refrain in me the curfed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.

Who's there?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the king's a bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesse to your officers:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Mac. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Mac. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir : the like to you ! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Ser.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand ? come, let me clutch thee :
I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going :
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings : and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A Bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan* ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

MACBETH.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:——
Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Mac. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. I have done the deed: Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Mac. Hark!—Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry fight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd
murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, *God blejs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening

Listening their fear ; I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen ?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways ; ſo, it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nourisher in life's feaſt, —

Lady. What do you mean ?

Mac. Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the houſe :
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more. Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more !

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd ? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-fickly of things :—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy wiſdom from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place ?
They muſt lie there : Go, carry them, and ſinear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe !
Give me the daggers: the ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Mac. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended, —Hark ! more knocking :

[*Knock.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers : Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, —'twere best not know
myself. [*Knock.*

Wake *Duncan* with this knocking ! I would thou
could'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking indeed ! If
a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-
ing the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock : Who's
there, i'th name of Belzebub ? Here's a farmer, that
hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty : come in
time ; have napkins enough about you ; here you'll sweat
for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Who's there, in the
other devil's name i' 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that
could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not
equivocate to heaven : oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*]
Knock, knock, knock : Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an
English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French
hole : come in, taylor ; here you may roast your goose.
[*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are
you ! But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter
it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting
bonfire,

bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to-bed, That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink specially provoke ?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire ; but it takes away the performance : therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off : it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very throat o'me : but I requited him for his lie ; and I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?——

Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir !

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Mac. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ; I have almost slept the hour.

Mac. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ; But yet 'tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Mac.

Mac. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Mac. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Mac. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon :—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum bell :—Murder ! and treason !

Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself—up, up, and see

The great doom's image ! *Malcolm ! Banquo !*

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

To countenance this horror !—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? Speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :

D

The

The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O *Banquo ! Banquo !*

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady. Woe, alas !

What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear *Duff*, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, and LENOX.

Mac. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys ; renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Mac. You are, and do not know it ;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt ; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows ; they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Mac. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Mac. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known ?

Lady. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us ? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us ;
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Mac. And so do I.

All. So all.

Mac. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with them :
To shew unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy ; I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter ROSSE, with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses (a thing most strange, and
certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the king's two sons,
Are flown away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—'t hea'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-kell*;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
adieu!—

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird woman promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: if there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King; Lady MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE; Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And

And all things unbecoming.

Mac. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me : to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit

Mac. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Mac. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inventions ; but of that to-morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Mac. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.———

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone ; while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH and Lords.*]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men our pleasure ?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Mac. Bring them before us ;—To be thus is nothing ;
[*Exit Servant.*]

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;
And

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To do a safety. There is none, but him,
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fill'd my mind;
 For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo* kings!
 Rather than so, come fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Mac. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, past in probation with you;
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might
 To half a soul, and to a notion crav'd,
 Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

Mur. You made it known to us.

Mac. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That

That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mac. Both of you
Know *Barquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Mac. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'th of life: and though I could
With bare fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but will his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,

That

That I to your assistance do make love ;
 Making the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

I Mur. Though our lives——

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace ; always thought,
 That I require a clearness : and with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour : resolve yourselves apart ;
 I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mac. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
 It is concluded :—*Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

E

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mac. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—*Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; gentle, my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to *Banquo*; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Mac. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black *Hecate's* summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make stronger themselves by ill :
 So, prythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 Mur. *Macbeth.*

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us:
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the latest traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 Mur. Then it is he ; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault BANQUO.*]

Ban. Oh, treachery ! Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly ;
Thou may'st revenge.——O slave !

[*Dies.* *FLEANCE escapes.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down : at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends ;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Mac. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks :

Both sides are even : here I'll fit i' the midst :
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
'The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Mac. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd ?

Mur.

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he's
good,

That did the like for *Fleance* : if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Mac. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad, and general, as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Mac. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony :
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH's place.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer !
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness, sit.

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Mac. The table's full !

Len.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Mac. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Mac. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well: if much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion; Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Mac. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Imposture to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Mac. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou can'st nod, speak too.—
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly!

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for thame!

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,

With

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Mac. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Mac. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide
thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mac. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !—Why so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Mac. Can such things be ?
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without

Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such fights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord ?

Lady. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;
 Question enrages him ; at once, good night :—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his majesty !

Lady. A kind good night to all ! [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Mac. It will have blood, they say ; blood will have
 blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
 Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his
 person,

At our great bidding ?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir ?

Mac. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
 'There's not a one of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
 (And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters :
 More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst ; for mine own good,
 All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Mac. Come, we'll to sleep : my strange and self-
 abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

I Witch. Why, how now, Hecat' ? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
 Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with *Macbeth*
 In riddles, and affairs of death ;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art ?
 And, which is worse, all you have done,
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now : get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside :
 I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon :
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
 And that, distill'd by magic flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion ;
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [*Music and a Song.*
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

I Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
 again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : the gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth* :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may see, if it please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late,
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve *Macbeth* ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was that not nobly done ? ay, and wisely too :
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he *Duncan's* sons under his key
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should *Fleance*.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect : thither *Macduff* is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward ;
That, by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,

All

All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperated the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff* ?

Lord. He did ; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches.*

1 Witch.

TH R I C E the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 Witch. Harper cries :—'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy: maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips:
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

MUSIC and a SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
A mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes!
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths.

Or from our masters'?

Mac. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, dostly show. [Thunder.]

1st Apparition, an armed Head.

Mac. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r——

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff*;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[Descends.]

Mac. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

2d Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Mac. Had I three years, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*. [*Descends.*

Mac. Then live, *Macduff*, what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder ;—What is this ?
[*Thunder.*

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Mac. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing ; tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfy'd : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! let me know :—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

I *Witch.*

1 *Witch.* Shew !

2 *Witch.* Shew !

3 *Witch.* Shew !

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*A Shew of eight Kings, and BANQUO ; the last
with a Glass in his hand.*

Mac. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo* ; down !
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls :—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags :
Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?—
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more : and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight ;—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ? is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly ?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round :
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musfc.*

[*The Witches dance and vanish.*

Mac. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calender !
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you ?

Len.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse; who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter MACDUFF's Wife, her Son, and ROSS.

L. Macd. What hath he done, to make him fly the
land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife; to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,

The

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
 I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best know
 The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor
 lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
 set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
 a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
 'ifaith,

With wit enough for thee.

G

Son.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! but how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world : where, to do harm,
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm ?---What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd.

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou flag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[*Exit L. MACDUFF, crying Murder.*]

SCENE III.

England. Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing

You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge, but I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

G 2

Though

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking?---I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:---You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee!---Wear thou thy wrongs,

His title is affear'd!---Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions

Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will : better *Macbeth*,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,¹
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I a king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust : and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own : all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

Bounty,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.---O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?---Thy royal father
 Was a most fainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
 Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.---O, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*,
 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: but God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking

Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward*, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together: and the chance, of goodness,
Be our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.---Comes the king forth, I
pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

[*Exit.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now; good God, betimes remove
The

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas ! poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! it cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where ne thing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;

Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest gift ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create foldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good *Siward*, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better foldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words,

That

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearings should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-gift,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,

H

They

They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am.
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now !
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
 Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh ! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
 Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
 Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
 Heaven, forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
 Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
 Our lack is nothing but our leave : *Macbeth*
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
 The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no
 truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
 her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her,
 unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon
 it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ;
 yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at
 once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
 In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
 actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard
 her say ?

Gent. That, Sir, which I shall not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she hath known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to-bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my fight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Drum and Colours. Enter MENTETH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file

Of

Of all the gentry ; there is *Siward's* son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies :
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*.

Exeunt marching.

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm* ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus :

*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Mac. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Mac. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Mac. Take thy face hence.—*Seyton* !—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—*Seyton*, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or defeat me now.

I have liv'd long enough : my May of life
Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf :

And that which should accompany old age,
As honours, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,

Curfes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Mac. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Mac. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh behack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;

Hang

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Mac. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Mac. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :
Come, Sir, dispatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Mac. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MAC-
DUFF, SIWARD's Son, MENTETH, CATHNESS, AN-
GUS, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the day is near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure nopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and soldiers, with Drums
and Colours.*

Mac. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women,*
Sey.

Sec. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have sapt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

Sec. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue : thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious, my lord,
I should report that which, I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, say, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mac. Liar, and slave ! [Striking him.]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Mac. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; and begin

I

To

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth : *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunfinane!—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And with the estate o'the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough ; your leafy screens throw
 down,
 And shew like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle : worthy *Macduff*, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all
 breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
 [*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter MACBETH.

Mac. They have ty'd me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
 That was not born of woman ? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none. *Enter*

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Mac. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell,

Mac. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Mac. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

{ *Fight ; and Young SIWARD is slain.*

Mac. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, shew thy face ;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be ;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited : Let me find him, fortune ! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re enter MACBETH.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Mac. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my foul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out? [*Fight. Alarum.*]

Mac. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Mac. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Mac. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnham wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body

I throw my warlike shield : lay on, *Macduff* :
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough*.
[Exeunt fighting. Alarums.]

Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH is slain.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and Sol-
diers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off : and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
 He only liv'd but till he was a man ;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of
 sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death :
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
 And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer com-
 fort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's Head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold, where
 stands

The usurper's curst head : the time is free :

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

THE END.

The following Scenes are not in the original Copies, but have been introduced in Representation, and set to Musick by Mr. LOCKE, with Alterations by Dr. ARNE.

[AT THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.]

*The Scene changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter several Witches, and sing.*

1 *Witch.*

SPEAK, sifter,—is the deed done ?

2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago ;
Above twelve glassees since have run.

3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom flow,
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 *Witch.* The worst of creatures safest propagate,
Many more murders must this one ensue ;
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

2 *Witch.* He must !

3 *Witch.* He shall !

4 *Witch.* He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Cho. He will, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.

2 *Witch.* Agreed.

3 *Witch.* Agreed.

4 *Witch.* Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Cho. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about, about we go ;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in funder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do ?

Cho. Rejoice—we should rejoice.
 When winds and waves are warring,
 Earthquakes and mountains tearing,
 And monarchs die despairing,
 What should we do ?

Cho. Rejoice—we should rejoice.

I.

1 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
 We gain more life by *Duncan's* death.

2 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
 Having no musick but our mew,
 To which we dance in some old mill,
 Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
 To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
 Around, around, around dance we ;
 Thither the chirping crickets come,
 And beetles sing in drowsy hum :
 Sometimes we dance o'er fernes or furze,
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
 Or if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
 When others tremble we rejoice,
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
 To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[END OF THE FIFTH SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT.]

Witches within.

Witch. *Hecate, Hecate*,—come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd ;
 My little merry airy spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Witch. *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate.*

Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
 So pleasing to my ear.

At

At which I post away,
 With all the speed I may.
 Where's *Puckle*?

Enter Witches.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where *Stradling*?

Witch. Here.

And *Hopper* too, and *Hellway* too?

We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Witch.* Come away, come away, make up th'account.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,

From church-yard yew,

I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[*Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the machine.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy, and kifs,

Over woods, high rocks and mountains;

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits,

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.



